

THE BEACON

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Photograph by L. M. Thiers.

MAY shall make the orchards bloom;
And the blossoms' fine perfume
Shall set all the honey-bees
Murmuring among the trees.

May shall make the wild-flowers tell
Where the shining snowflakes fell.
Is there such another, pray,
Wonder-making month as May?

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

The Blue and the Gray.

BY GRACE E. CRAIG.

MISS ATWOOD, the pretty, young teacher of the eighth grade, arose from her seat and stepped to the edge of the platform. Her pupils straightened themselves in their chairs and lifted expectant eyes to her face.

"I have something to say to you, children," she said, her voice rising clearly above the scraping of feet and the rustling of closing books. "The chairman of the committee in charge of the Memorial Day exercises has asked me to select two pupils from this room to give a recitation at the service, which will be held as usual on the 30th of May in the Town Hall. Many of you recite well, and, therefore, it has been difficult for me to know upon which two to confer the honor. I have finally decided that it will be only fair to give it to the ones who have had the highest marks and the best general record throughout

the year. Marjorie Proctor and Hester Byrd are the fortunate pair. They may remain for a few moments after school."

There was a vigorous clapping of hands, and then, at the tinkle of the bell upon the teacher's desk, all but two of the young people sprang to their feet, and, falling into even lines, marched down the aisles, around the front of the platform, and out of the room.

Once across the threshold the columns dissolved into groups of rollicking girls and boys, who scrambled good-naturedly for hats and coats and sweaters, and exchanged jokes over each others' heads.

"This is just Marjorie Proctor's luck," Rebecca Bliss declared, as she pulled on her jacket in the girls' dressing-room. "She's always chosen for everything particularly nice."

"You'd give a good deal to have the chance to stand up on the Town Hall platform on Memorial Day, wouldn't you, Becky?" and Mollie Cameron rescued her "tam" from the floor.

"Yes, I would," Rebecca replied frankly. "I love to recite."

"And you recite beautifully, too," her chum Sarah Slocum, asserted. "Where's my sweater? Oh, thanks, Mollie! And my cap? I can't find a thing to-day."

"Shall we wait for Marjorie, girls?" Rebecca asked.

"Of course," Mollie answered promptly. "Oh, here she is now! That your piece, Marge? Let's see it."

Golden-haired Marjorie held out the type-written sheet. Mollie took it, and the others crowded around her.

"The Blue and the Gray," Mollie read. "Oh, I love that!"

"Hester and I are to say it together," Marjorie explained. "We're to recite alternate verses."

"Oh!" Mollie murmured rather blankly. "I see."

"They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead."

Sarah quoted, peering over her friend's shoulder. "Oh! Aren't you glad, girls, that there isn't any more anger between the North and the South, and that we're all united now under one beautiful flag?"

"Yes, indeed," Rebecca agreed. "And," with a merry laugh, "shouldn't you think the Southerners would feel rather ashamed of themselves when they remember that they once fought against the Stars and Stripes?" "They honestly believed that they were right," Sarah began, but Mollie interrupted her.

"I should think they would, Becky," she said, "for they must see now that they were dreadfully wrong. I'm glad my people all fought on the Union side. If they hadn't, I should be afraid that I oughtn't to call myself a truly American, that I hadn't a real right to the dear old flag."

"Oh, no, Mollie!" Marjorie began to remonstrate, when a thin, pale little girl, who had been standing in a corner, endeavoring with trembling fingers to fasten the frayed buttonholes of a shabby brown coat, suddenly turned and pushed through the circle surrounding the speaker. Her dark eyes were blazing.

"You don't know what you are talking about, Mollie Cameron," she cried. "Nor you either, Rebecca Bliss. I reckon I'm as good an American as either of you! My grandpa was in the Confederate army, but he was brave and faithful and noble. All Confederates were! It was the Yankees who were mean and hateful, and," with a sob, "you're mean and hateful, too!"

"We're not," Mollie retorted, but her antagonist stormed on.

"I won't speak the old piece," dashing her typewritten paper to the floor. "I despise the North, and I won't have anything to do with a Northern Memorial Day!" And she fled in a tempest of tears.

For a moment the girls left behind stared at each other.

Rebecca broke the silence.

"Dear me!" she lamented. "I thought Hester Byrd went right home. I'm always overlooking her, she's so quiet."

"Oh, girls! I'm sorry!" gentle Marjorie said, picking up the fallen paper. "She was terribly hurt!"

Mollie tossed back her brown braids.

"I don't care," she snapped. "She's a spiteful thing!"

"You oughtn't to say that, Mollie. She's only been in Rutledge since last fall. You haven't seen much of her. You hardly know her."

"Well, nobody wants to know a girl with such a temper," and Mollie tossed her head again. "She'd better go back down South where she came from."

"She can't," Sarah stated briefly. "She's got to stay here. Her mother and father both died last summer, and she has no one to live with now but her great-aunt, Miss Hetty Churchill."

"I know," Marjorie acknowledged, "that Hester is peppery sometimes, but perhaps we shouldn't be very pleasant if we had lost our fathers and mothers and had nearly died of typhoid fever ourselves. And, anyway, we can't blame her for being angry to-day. Of course the Southern people love the flag just as much as any one now."

Rebecca and Sarah walked away from the school-house in one direction. Mollie and Marjorie took another.

The hawthorn hedges bordering the side-walks were pink with blossoms, purple and white lilac-plumes nodded from old-fashioned gardens, golden dandelion blooms starred the soft green of velvety lawns. The main street of the New England village of Rutledge was a bower of beauty, but the two little girls who loitered along under its great elms were unusually silent.

"I can't help worrying about Hester," Marjorie said at last. "She must have thought we intended to be unkind."

"Well, we didn't," Mollie declared crisply. "And I'd have told her so if she had given me half a chance. But after she flew at me in that way I just wouldn't say a word. Don't fret about her any more, Marge, for goodness' sake."

Marjorie did not reply, and Mollie went on gayly: "I should think you would be glad that she isn't going to speak. Perhaps Miss Atwood will have Rebecca take her place, and Rebecca recites splendidly and is sure to look lovely. Hester's plain, and her clothes are awful."

"But Hester recites splendidly, too, and of course she isn't really going to give up her place. I won't let her."

"She said she wouldn't speak."

"She will, I know she will," Marjorie declared, "if I tell her that I want her very, very much."

"But you're not going to do that, Marge Proctor?"

"Yes, I am," Marjorie answered, turning in at her own gate.

"But what will she wear?" Mollie questioned next day, when Marjorie informed her mates that Hester had decided to recite her part of the dialogue. "She hasn't a decent rag but a red woolen dress, and Memorial Day may be as hot as summer."

"Can't I give her my last year's white lawn, Marge?" Rebecca begged. "I've quite outgrown it."

"She wouldn't like it, Becky, and her great-aunt wouldn't either. They're poor, but they're dreadfully proud. And, anyway, she won't need a new dress. We have our costumes all planned, and mother's agreed to help us fix them. She is going up to the Churchill place with me this afternoon, and, while Hester and I learn our piece, she's going to talk them over with Miss Hetty."

"Oh, tell us what they're to be!" begged the girls, but Marjorie shook her head.

"It's a secret!" she said gayly.

Memorial Day was as perfect as a May day can possibly be. Early in the afternoon the inhabitants of Rutledge began to crowd into the Town Hall. The school children were given seats of honor upon the great stage, and, accompanied by the Rutledge Brass Band, rendered several of the good old war songs in a stirring manner. A clergyman offered prayer, more patriotic songs followed, a high school lad recited Lincoln's wonderful Gettysburg "Address," and then the speaker of the day was introduced. When the applause aroused by his final words was subsiding, there was a little stir at the rear of the stage. The aged Grand Army men, who were seated there in state, arose, and down the aisle which they formed came two pretty girls, gowned in the quaint fashion of the sixties.

Marjorie, in a dainty frock of blue lawn, exactly matching her azure eyes, was the

sweetest of little Northerners. Hester, in a full-skirted pink muslin, a lace collar, fastened by a cameo brooch under her dimpled chin, was a typical Southern maiden of the last century. The former wore upon her golden head a wreath of pink roses, the latter bore proudly upon her dark curls a coronet of white lilies.

The two paused at the front of the platform under the bright folds of a great, silken flag. The veterans resumed their seats, and Marjorie began in a clear voice,

"By the flow of the inland river," and went on through the first stanza.

"These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,"

Hester struck in, her voice ringing out as sweetly as Marjorie's.

And, turn and turn about, they continued with the beautiful little poem. Marjorie said her lines very gracefully, but Hester declaimed with a tenderness which touched the hearts of her hearers.

"Tears and love for the blue,
Love and tears for the gray!"

she finished softly, and there was scarcely a dry eye in the great hall.

The band struck into the loved strains of "The Star-Spangled Banner," and the audience, rising, joined in the national anthem with vigor. Marjorie and Hester, standing hand in hand among the men in blue, with the flag swaying above their heads, sang with the rest.

"Marjorie! It was the sweetest thing!" cried Rebecca, as the girls fell in together for the walk home after the exercises. "How did you happen to think of it?"

"Oh, it just came to me!" laughed Marjorie, "or, rather, to Hester! The dressing up was her idea."

"Where did you get those lovely costumes?" Mollie demanded.

"They're Aunt Hetty's," Hester answered, flushing shyly. "They were made way back in 1860. She never wore them, for she didn't go out much after my great-uncle John Churchill, her favorite brother, was killed at Gettysburg while fighting for the Union. Great-uncle John was my Grandma Byrd's brother, too. Grandma's people were all for the Union, but Grandpa was a colonel in the Confederate Army. So, you see, I really belong to both sides."

"Oh, Hester!" cried Mollie, remorsefully. "It doesn't matter which side you belong to. You didn't think we meant what we said the other day, did you?"

"Just for a minute I did; but, of course, when I came to think it over, I knew you didn't. And I want to tell you now, girls," and Hester's voice trembled a little, "how sorry I am that I flew into such a rage."

"I don't blame you one bit for being hopping mad," Rebecca remarked with feeling. "Oh! Here's Miss Atwood! Weren't the girls splendid, Miss Atwood?"

"Indeed they were," the young teacher replied, falling in between Marjorie and Mollie, while the other three girls went on ahead arm in arm. "I was very proud of my pupils to-day."

Suddenly Rebecca danced back along the sidewalk.

"Isn't Marjorie the luckiest girl, Miss Atwood? Isn't she always stepping into the loveliest things?" she demanded.

"Well," said Miss Atwood, with a smile, "in this case I should say that Marjorie made her own luck. Faithful work through the year earned her the privilege of speaking in

the first place, while her loving consideration for a lonely little mate brought about the charming costume dialogue."

"Yes, if she had listened to me," Mollie murmured, "and let Hester give up her part, the recitation wouldn't have been half so nice."

"I think," said Rebecca, walking backward, thoughtfully, "that luck always comes that way, through hard work and kind thought for others."

"It surely does, dearie," Miss Atwood answered.

Our Flag.

BY HELEN M. RICHARDSON.

OUR flag is floating in the breeze,
The flag we love so well;
And, as I see it wave, I think
Of what its colors spell.

Red is the crimson blood that flowed
To make Our Country free;
White is the purity of soul
Bequeathed to you and me.

Blue is the sky above our heads,
The deep blue loyal sky,
That has us ever in its care,
That naught can dim or buy.

And so where'er these colors wave,
On land or on the sea,
They always spell these words of cheer:
Love, truth, and purity.



A Genuine Dragon.

BY H. BEDFORD-JONES.

Illustrated by photographs
from the National Academy
of Sciences.

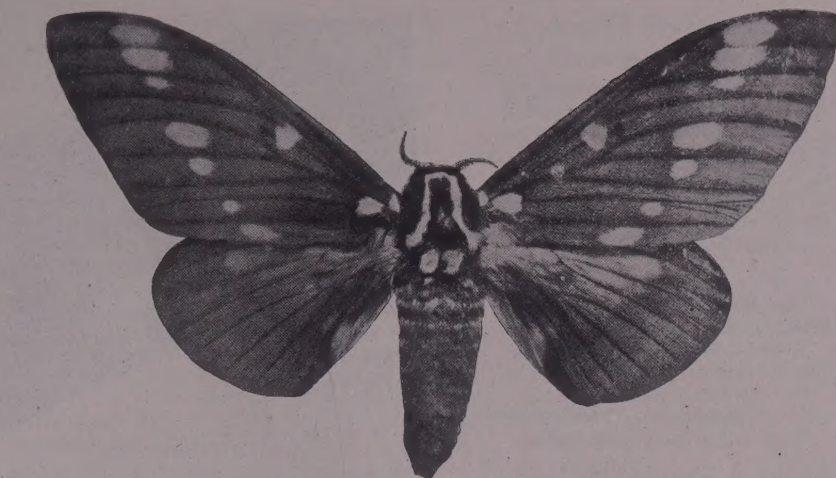
I WONDER how many of my readers have ever seen a real, true dragon,—just like the dragons we read about in legend? What? You say that there are no such things. Oh, yes, there are, and scattered over the United States, too! You can find one of these dragons in hickory, walnut, sycamore, and sumach groves anywhere from Massachusetts to New Orleans, but you don't have to hunt them with sword and spear.

The first photograph shows one of these "hickory-horned devils," as they are called



Mr. Regalis looking for dinner.

in Virginia, just after taking a bite from a leaf. His armored plates are brilliant blue, his body is green, and his horns, spikes, and legs are orange. Of course his terrible aspect is given him by Nature for protection from



"And what a beauty he has become!"

his enemies, and very good protection it is, too, because otherwise he is perfectly harmless.

But when he lifts his head and shakes his horns from side to side, when disturbed, Mr. Regalis, as the scientists call him, has a truly formidable appearance. Most caterpillars are colored so that they can hardly be detected by their enemies; but Mr. Regalis is too large for this, so his colors are very brilliant and his armor makes him look very terrifying. Indeed, harmless as he is, many people "down South" are greatly afraid of him, for they think his spines are poisoned, and dread him as much as a rattlesnake. Doesn't that show how good Nature is to her helpless children?

The second photograph shows Mr. Regalis walking along a stem, looking for dinner. No doubt when the old legends of Saint George or Siegfried and the dragons arose, Mr. Regalis or some one of his family had been seen, and it was imagined what would happen if he was several hundred times as big and as fierce as he really looked. When a bird looking for a nice fat caterpillar comes along and sees Mr. C. Regalis strolling along his stem, he makes a dash through the air; but, when that fierce-looking head comes up and shakes from side to side, there is an immediate change of opinion on the part of Mr. Bird. Of course, he can't know that Mr. Regalis is quite unable to hurt him, and so he flies away to look for a less terrifying morsel.

I suppose you know that butterflies and moths come from caterpillars? The latter are hardly ever so fierce as Mr. C. Regalis; but then he is the only real dragon we have, and nothing else could be quite so terrible-looking. Well, after leading quite a gay life all summer, pretty well protected from all his enemies, who all think "What a terrific fighter he must be," he rolls up,—for his horns and armor are really very soft,—and gets under a stone or into the ground.

Now he is all ready for his slow change into a beautiful moth. All his threatening armor has vanished, and he is nothing but a dull brown cylinder, covered with thick skin. He lies in the earth for a very long time, often as long as eleven months, and all this time a slow, wonderful change is going on inside the brown cover.

After the long wait is over, he is more worthy of assuming his full name,—Mr. Cytheronia Regalis. And what a beauty he has become, not at all like the little house-moths you all know, nor even like the butterflies. His great wings are sometimes six

inches across, and I am sorry I could not show you his costume in full colors in the third photograph. These colors are orange and red. He has a neat white collar, with cream and red spots on his wings, and from a frightful-looking dragon has become a soft, beautiful flying creature.

But, just the same, he is much more of a dragon than before, when he was so harmless, for now he has a peculiar liking for the cotton plant, if he happens to be resorting in the South. Sometimes a large family of his friends have done a great deal of damage to certain cotton districts, but as a rule Mr. Regalis is quite satisfied with his sycamore, ash, hickory and other food trees.

And now, if any one ever asks you if you ever saw a dragon, you can tell all about Mr. C. Regalis and show his picture; although he is fearfully ugly, yet, like a whole lot of ugly things and people, he is not nearly so bad as he looks!

Keep Trying.

IF boys should get discouraged
At lessons or at work,
And say, "There's no use trying,"
And all the hard tasks shirk,
And keep on shirking, shirking,
Till the boy became a man,
I wonder what the world would do
To carry out its plan?

The coward in the conflict
Gives up at first defeat;
If once repulsed, his courage
Lies shattered at his feet.
The brave heart wins a battle
Because through thick and thin
He'll not give up as conquered—
He fights, and fights to win.

So, boys, don't get disheartened
Because at first you fail;
If you but keep on trying,
At last you will prevail;
Be stubborn against failure,
Try, try, and try again;
The boys who keep on trying
Have made the world's best men.

New York Magazine of Mysteries.

Climb the mountains and get their good tidings. Nature's peace will flow into you as sunshine flows into trees. The winds will blow their own freshness into you, and the storms their energy, while cares will drop off like autumn leaves.

JOHN MUIR.

A Mayflower Legend.

BY FLORENCE PHINNEY.

IN a sea-town of Old England
When Scottish James was king,
A shipwright toiled with faithful care
All through the days of spring.
By hedgerows sweet with hawthorn,
The English flower of May,
His blue-eyed daughter, Hannah,
Brought his dinner every day.

"So fair a ship I never built;
The 'Hannah' she shall be.
What say you, little daughter?
Shall I name the ship for thee?"
But Hannah had a better thought.
She shook her wilful head.
"Not 'Hannah,' but 'The Mayflower'
Shall be her name," she said.

He proudly launched "The Mayflower,"
That English shipwright true;
For English ships, in days of old,
Had wondrous work to do.
She bore from Holland's friendly shore
A tyrant-exiled band,
Who brought with them the Mayflower name
To our dear native land.

Here, in the savage wilderness,
They lit the fires of home;
They planted civic freedom deep;
They bade the nations come.
They built the schoolhouse and the church
On every wind-swept hill;
And what they gave us then we hold,
A land unshackled, still.

And did the little Hannah come
Across the stormy deep?
And did she dwell in Plymouth?
The years the secret keep.
Yet still we hold the legend dear,
From the land across the sea,
That a little maid once named a ship
For the blooming hawthorn tree.

Their Decoration Day.

BY BERTHA GOODIER WEBER.

BUT, Aunt Charity, surely you can't mean it!" "Teacher," as Margaret Lee was lovingly named by pupils and parents alike, opened her blue eyes very wide. "No parade? No speeches? No school children, their arms filled with flowers to decorate the last resting-places of the men who fought, bled, and died for their country?"

Margaret had been laughingly warned that she would find things "a lot different" here than in her city home. That the 30th of May, a day she had been taught to honor, should have no fitting recognition seemed strange indeed.

"Dearie, you talk like a lovely book," Aunt Charity beamed through great horn-bowed spectacles, "but it's a fact. Belleville folks don't hold much with Decoration Day, 'cause you see there's nary one here about,—last resting-place, I mean."

"But surely some of your men fought in the great Civil War?"

"Yes, quite considerable few of them did, I 'spose; but then some never came marching home, and others moved away, till there's nary one resting in that little cemetery on the hill, nor any living 'cept just Old Jerry. He fought and bled, I 'spose, but then he's still with us."

Margaret remembered the ramshackle cot-



Unity Juvenile Band
of Humboldt,
Iowa.

MEMBERS OF THE BAND:

(from left to right)

GAVIN THOMAS, tenor horn; CECIL
LELAND, baritone; CECIL RUSSELL, tenor
horn; LOUIS CAILLE, bass horn; LVELL BURCH,
first cornet; HAROLD HUBBARD, French horn; ANDREW
WASTEEM, second alto; JUDGE "DAN" COYLE, lead cornet;
HUMPHREY BROWN, second alto; WARREN BROWN, first cornet.

THE teacher of this Sunday-school class, and the leader of this band, is a busy lawyer, Judge of the Fourteenth Judicial District of Iowa. He furnished all the band instruments and gave his time to the extent of two hours a day during his summer vacation to instruct the boys. One entire week was given to a camping trip with them. The lads are regularly under his instruction, and the band plays at the sessions of the Sunday school to which the class belongs, in

Humboldt, Ia. They are asked to furnish music for various public gatherings and functions.

This teacher takes a vital interest in every boy in the class. They call him "Dan," and feel that in any difficulty they have in him a friend, adviser, and helper. In their development as a class and individually they are living boy testimonials to the good effect of a voluntary "Big Brother Movement," that springs out of the sympathy of a busy man's heart and life.

tage on the edge of the town. Often she and her rosy-checked children had trooped past on their way to the picnic "grove," and her heart had been saddened as she saw the little, white-haired man sitting alone amidst the tangle of hollyhock, sweet-william, love-in-a-mist that filled his tiny dooryard. He had always a cheery greeting, some fragrant offering, yet Margaret knew that long after they were gone Old Jerry would stand beside the gate listening wistfully to the gay, childish voices which must surely leave him more lonely than before.

"Oh, how thoughtless—how selfish to forget so long!" grieved Margaret, remorsefully, as she hurried down the road after school next day. "Why, he might be ill, in want"—The thought urged her steps till she fairly raced along.

Yet at the low, white gate a cry of delight rose to her lips. The little place was so lovely in its springtime dress of lavender and white, with feathery lilacs and snowballs drooping overhead, while from the grass lilies-of-the-valley and violets peeped forth.

Then, too, Old Jerry stood in the doorway, frailer, more bent, perhaps, yet with gladness in his kind blue eyes; for was it not spring once more, and was not the pretty little teacher coming straight up his narrow, flower-lined path?

Sunshine and warm, human sympathy—it would have taken less to unloose Old Jerry's tongue in a flood of war stories ever so near his heart, and Margaret Lee, daughter and grand-daughter of gallant fighting-men, listened while he seemed to live again the stirring days of sixty-one—sixty-four.

She went slowly home through the gathering gloom, a sense of injustice growing at each step. Why, it wasn't fair at all. The

captains and generals whose praises the nation sang seemed no more "heroes" than this little old man dwelling all alone, unrewarded save for the smallest of pensions to which he added by such "odd jobs" as the kind-hearted women could find for him to do. Not one had laid the priceless gifts of health and youth upon his country's altar more cheerfully than Old Jerry. Why should he be forgotten?

Then in the gathering shadows of that spring evening the great idea sprang into Margaret's brain, and she raised her hands eagerly and cried out, "The very thing!"

Thenceforth mystery seemed over all. Laughing little groups stood on the corners or went scurrying down the lanes. Suppers were kept waiting. Bright lights glimmered from the windows of the little school-house, and all questions concerning the "doings" there met with a deaf ear. Yet Billy Knowles, whose careless tongue ever ran away with better judgment, did let the secret slip.

"Had to stay to drill," he announced proudly. "Y' see, I'm captain, so o' course"—Billy stopped short, drew a long, remorseful whistle. Whatever would Teacher say now?

Then it was out. There would be Decoration Day exercises after all. The pupils, and their parents as well, would take up the long-neglected lesson. For the day, Belleville should honor the nation's dead.

"Even where there was nary one?" Aunt Charity's question was on every lip; and, when "Teacher" only smiled and nodded her fair head, the mystery deepened till, on the appointed day, as they wended their way toward the little school-house on the hill, the fathers and mothers felt that they

ought rightly to speak in whispers lest a loud voice jar the solemnity of the occasion.

At the low wooden steps a quick word stopped them. All turned to stare at the solitary figure mounting the pleasant slope,—some one they knew, yet scarcely recognized, for this man strode along with something of by-gone youth in his step, while the sunlight flashed on the carefully-polished buttons of a uniform Old Jerry had thought never to don again.

He was no more in the "secret" than any of the wondering crowd that followed him into the flower-decked, flag-hung room. "Teacher" had asked him, as sole representative of the "Boys in Blue," to sit on the platform, and right proudly he took his place. It was a great day for Old Jerry, and his eyes were dim as he watched the white-clad figures marching toward him down the narrow aisles.

It was close quarters in which to attempt a "flag drill," and the borrowed organ squeaked mournfully under Melissy Dornan's unskilful fingers, yet the audience was not critical. It listened with delight while little Beth Kearney recited, in lisping tones, "The Blue and the Gray"; eight stiffly-starched, much-curled darlings lifted up childish voices in the dear war songs that will never die; and Billy Knowles, his broad face scrubbed till it shone, sandy hair slicked down on either side, declaimed vigorously:

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself has said,
This is my own, my native land!"

then, amid hearty applause, took his place at the head of a dozen or more such scrubbed and slicked youngsters who were presently tramp, tramp, tramping up and down the aisles, each boy clasping close the artistically whittled "sword" over which he had spent so many hours.

And all the time the mystery lurked behind them. Every one felt it, and a little quiver ran about the crowded room as "Teacher," looking very slim and girlish in her white dress, stood to address them.

They were simple words she spoke, yet in each heart stirred new reverence for the brave ones who had stricken from this fair land slavery's iron bonds, new understanding of the sacrifices made in that far-off day. They sat silent, wide-eyed, till Margaret said gently, "And now we will 'decorate' the only hero this great conflict has left us," then, as the entry-door squeaked, turned to stare at the procession once more making its way through the narrow aisles, a procession much hampered by variously shaped, squealing, clucking, or bleating bundles they carried.

The school's "littlest girl," chubby, flaxen-haired Dorothy, came first. Hers was the only "floral offering"; for, as Billy shrewdly said, "Old Jerry had the nicest flowers of all and would be sure to like a change." Yet the touch of baby fingers made the long daisy chain a thing of beauty, and Old Jerry bent low his white head to receive it.

Many gifts were laid at the feet, or on the knees, of their "hero," who sat half-dazed, but very happy, amid a startlingly varied collection; for Jim, Billy, Bess, Dora, Tommy, and all the rest had brought his or her greatest treasure. "Teacher" had said the choice must rest with one's very own self; and presently the little old man whose only complaint had been that he had no "family," found himself proud possessor of a tiny, highly indignant pig, a woe-begone yellow

puppy, a snowy lamb, a clucking cochinchina hen, two trembling white rabbits, to say nothing of a large cup bearing the motto, "For a Good Child"; a Mexican dollar dangling from a bit of red ribbon; a string of shining shells, the gift of some sea-faring uncle; a blackberry pie; a bag of grain; a well-worn box of blocks; and many other things neither useful nor ornamental, yet breathing of a child's unselfish love, which is the greatest gift of all.

More than this, as Old Jerry looked into the honest, kindly faces about him, he put forth a trembling hand, and smiled. It was as though right into the sunlit spaces of that little school-house flashed a vision of years to come made fuller and happier by memory of this Decoration Day, and Old Jerry knew that he would never be lonely nor down-hearted again.



MAKING THE DAISY CHAIN TO DECORATE UNCLE JERRY.

Honey Bee.

BY HELEN M. RICHARDSON.

BUSY little honey bee
In your suit of brown,
How I love to see you
Buzzing through the town;
Honey basket on your hip,
Flitting here and there,
Dipping into flower cups
For your sweets so rare.

Poising on a lily bell,
Swaying on a rose,—
Where you next will cull your sweets
Not a body knows.
But we're sure to see you
As the night shuts down,
Honey basket on your hip,
Flying home from town.

The Red-letter Day.

BY ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

FRED and Mark Holman were reading in the cottage living-room when they heard a step on the porch and a knock on the door. They knew who was the cause of it,—"Cap" Newton. He had been a good friend to them ever since their father had built a summer cottage on Lake Weldon.

In answer to their invitation, in came an old man, white of hair, brown of face, and twinkling of eye. In his hand he had a newspaper.

"Hullo, boys, I jest been readin' my paper, an' I see where it says there's goin' to be a big regatta at the Breathpine Hotel; an' there's goin' to be a canoe-race, a free fer all, an' I got to readin' about it, an' dreamin' kinda, an' wonderin' if I couldn't get into the race with the canoe that Injun John made for me. I ain't had any excitement since the days we boys used to race down at the river mouth. An', besides, they've put up a prize of fifty dollars. If I could win it, why, say, I could git Mother that new dress she's been seein' in the store

window, an' wishin' for, an' then I could get a new suit, an' we could go an' see some old friends of ourn in over the mountain."

He fumbled over the paper to find the news item.

Fred and Mark looked at each other. They knew what was coming.

The simple-minded old man had set his heart on entering the race, and he had come up to get one of them to paddle with him. The race was free to all who might enter, but the boys knew it was usually the younger fellows around the lake and at the Hotel who entered. Some of them had the costliest and most carefully designed canoes made, and "Cap's" canoe, made by the old Indian who had lived near the lake for years, would look like a joke beside the others.

"Cap" found the item; and, bending his short-sighted eyes close to the page, he read it, then looked up, his faded eyes alight with a new joy. Some of the fire in his heart—the fire of youth—had been awakened. For forty years he had lived on the

lake shore, had fished and rowed, paddled and sailed; and now at last a time had come when he could know once more the joy of his youth.

He looked at Mark. "Mark, will ye paddle with me in 'Duckwing'?" he asked. Mr. Holman put down his paper and watched his son.

Mark thought of the gay crowd that would fill the grandstand in front of the big hotel. He thought of his friends and their amusement. He saw himself paddling a dingy canoe with an old, white-headed man.

Mark looked away from the eager eyes. "To tell the truth, Cap, I've agreed to go with a party of fellows and girls to the regatta, and I don't see how I can be with you."

The light in the old eyes died. "I was kinda figgerin' on you," he said slowly. "You're a big chap, an' we could make 'Duckwing' hum."

He looked up. "Freddie, would you want to try?" he asked, hopefully.

Fred was the younger, and not so strong as Mark, but his heart had been stirred by the old lakeman's silent despair. Fred had agreed to be in the same party with Mark, but he thought he could arrange it so that he could help "Cap."

"Count on me, Cap: I'll help you win!" Fred said, smiling. "I'm not very big, but I can dig with the best of them!"

"That's the spirit!" the old man said, jumping up, the light again in his eyes. "I'll hustle home and get 'Duckwing' all tuned up. It'll be the race of her life."

When the door closed behind the skipper, Mark laughed. "Oh, you're in for it, Fred! You'll get the glad 'Ha! ha!' to-morrow. Jackson's going to be there with his Canadian canoe—never been beaten on the lake, you know; and—and May Morris is to be in the crowd. I wouldn't want to be in your shoes."

Fred sobered for a little. What Mark said was true. Then he smiled. "Never mind, think of the hours the old fellow has spent with us. When I was a small chap, I used to monkey around him, get in his way, and he never said a word; and I'm going to try and do something for him. If the crowd want to laugh, well, let them laugh!" A little fire, kin to that in the old man's eyes, came into Fred's. "We'll show them to-morrow that even a home-made canoe can beat the best of them!"

Mark chuckled, but their father, on his way to his room, reached over and patted Fred's shoulder. "Go to it, son," he said quietly. "I'll be there to see you win or lose, fighting to the finish."

Fred stood, the next afternoon, with his friends in one of the bandstands that were at either end of the long grandstand. Among those friends were Jackson Miles, strongly built, an athlete who had won his letter in football at his school, and May Morris, a clear-eyed, rosy-cheeked girl, who was one of the leaders among the young people of the lake.

Every one seemed to be telling Jackson that he and his partner were sure to win, and he seemed to regard it as a fact. Fred listened, and began to feel as if he and "Cap" were to meet a sure defeat, but he did not waver from his determination to give Jackson the race of his life.

The story of what Fred was to do had gone around, and various eyes were watching the lake in the direction from which the old lakeman would come.

Suddenly one of the boys, a great friend of Jackson's, called, "Here he comes—Noah and his ark!"

A laugh went up, and Fred flushed.

Across the lake came a low-lying, slender canoe, driven by an old man, whose white head was bared. Curious eyes watched the canoe come nearer. The wash of a launch struck it, and it tossed and bobbed.

"Isn't that a joke, though?" Jackson said. "It's down in the list as 'Duckwing.' It ought to be named 'Tilty Ann'!"

His friends laughed.

Fred, on his way down to meet the old man, turned. "Never mind the name, Jack. You're going to go the limit this afternoon," he said coolly.

Miss Morris slipped from the group and came to Fred. He looked into her clear eyes and saw something there that pleased him—faith in him and hope. "Do you think you can win, Fred?" she asked.

"We have never practised together; but he's been good to me. He's taken me all over the lake in the canoe, and I know his ways. We'll see, anyway."

"Good luck!" she said, leaving him with a smile.

Fred went to the boat-house, and stripped down to a jersey and pair of light trousers. He might get spilled from the canoe, and that would mean a swim; besides, their canoe with the Captain would be the heaviest.

Going out, he stepped into the light canoe. He felt all eyes upon him, for he knew he and the "Cap" made an unusual sight. He did not think of that in a few moments. He picked up the long-handled, solid paddle, and tested it in the water.

They went off to their place in the row of canoes. Laughter and comments intended to be funny reached Fred, but, as the canoe swung into line, he saw that "Cap" had not heard them. He was living over his youth again, once more in a race, guiding his beloved canoe.

The Starter rose in his launch. Silence fell over the scene. He called attention to the three buoys out in the lake, around which the race was to be.

Fred looked back at "Cap" in the stern of the canoe. The old man's heavy brows were low over his eyes, and he was smiling as he kept the light canoe in position.

At the Starter's signal the line came up: at the crack of the revolver, paddles went deep into the blue water, foam flashed, cheers rose, yellow, red, brown, gray canoes shot through the water.

The impulse of the old man's paddle was like a gigantic shove. So strong was it that Fred lost the motion and blundered. In a second they were behind.

"One—two"—Back of him he caught the count and swung in time. He set his teeth, and put all the power of his shoulders in the stroke: recovering with as little effort as possible, he buried the blade. At every stroke the frail canoe sped until it seemed to leap.

The canoes had strung out, Jackson's yellow one leading far ahead. Fred set his eyes on it. Slowly the distance lessened, slowly the watery stretch narrowed. Back of him Fred caught the old man's hoarse breathing. The water at the prow parted in a long whisper. "Injun John" knew how to build a canoe: his fathers before him had sped across the lake in just such canoes as the two were in now.

At the first buoy they were almost at Jackson's stern.

He turned with a startled glance as he

heard them. He had never dreamed that the old canoe would catch him, but here it was, leaping like a live thing to get by him. In the prow was a white-faced fellow whose lips were tight in white lines, back of him an old man was swinging a paddle with a strange sweeping motion such as he had never seen.

Jackson yelled to his partner.

The real race was on.

Towards the second buoy, flaunting its colors to beckon them on, the two canoes sped, the yellow, polished surface of Jackson's sliding seemingly faster through the water, but ever with the dark, dingy canoe of the lakeman's clinging tightly.

Fred was dripping with perspiration, and an ache that racked him was in his shoulders, but he did not flinch or let up. They passed the stern of the other canoe, crept up amid-ship, and drew to the prow.

The third buoy's scarlet color suddenly blazed.

They rounded it, passing Jackson. From the shore Fred dimly heard a cheer: he knew the enthusiastic crowd were cheering all the time, but he did not hear.

Slowly from his angle of vision, Jackson's canoe passed: in front Fred saw the hazy outlines of the Judge's launch. A wild desire to shout went through him. He remembered what it would mean to win! He called up the last of his strength.

He glanced back as he dipped, and he cried out. He saw Jackson lean forward: in his eyes was despair,—he knew he was going to be beaten, and the light in his eyes meant he was thinking of an evil plan.

Fred saw what was up, but it was too late. Side by side the canoes were racing again, for Fred was so astonished he nearly stopped.

It was all over in the twinkling of an eye. Jackson as he leaned forward in the recovery, and sank his blade, hit the old man's under the water. "Cap" lost his stroke, fumbled, failed, and the canoe swung wide before he caught his balance. The yellow canoe, to the sound of cheers, swept by.

It was all done so quickly that no one on the shore or the judge's boat could have noticed it. It would look to them as if the old man had paddled so hard that he had "broke," as a trotting horse often "breaks" when driven too fast.

"Go it, lad!" "Cap" called.

Fred knew they were beaten, but again, anger in his heart at Jackson's wrong-doing, he settled to work. They crept up again, but the lead was too great.

They shot past the judges' boat—beaten.

They ran their canoe slowly to the boat-house. Jackson was there, receiving the plaudits of his friends.

"I'm going up and tell them what he did!" Fred said to his old friend.

"Cap" shook his grizzled head in a tired, hopeless way. He wiped his face with a big red handkerchief, and Fred half guessed he was doing it to hide his tears. "Cap" was old. He'd never get a chance to race again, and the dress for his wife and the trip to the wonderful land over the mountain would never be.

"No," the captain said, "jest let him go. It would only make trouble for the boy—his friends are here, you know. No, no, let it go."

Clear and strong rose the voice of the announcer, naming the race, the other facts, and ending "won by 'Duckwing,' Mr. Newton and Mr. Holman, crew!"

Fred nearly fell off the dock into the water.

"Great jumping Jupiter!" he cried, because he could think of nothing else to say. "Cap, did you hear that? We won! Somebody must have seen him after all! Cap—we won!"

"Cap" was dazed, and did not understand. Fred repeated the announcement, and the old man sat down suddenly in his astonishment.

A light figure ran down the steps and came up to them. It was Miss Morris. "Oh, that was splendid, Fred! And, Captain, I never saw such a canoe!"

The old man pulled himself up, his face smiling.

"Tell us how it happened—Jackson—what changed things?" Fred asked excitedly.

"I'm sorry for Jackson. I overheard him say that he'd win anyway. I was suspicious when I saw a little something wrong out there, and, when he came in, I asked him about it. He acted oddly, and I told him what I had heard. He owned up, then, and said he was ashamed of what he had done. I told him to go to father, who was in charge of the races. He did just as I suggested, and of course the race was given to you. So it's all right. Captain, I've some friends who want to see a real Indian canoe, and to hear you tell some of your experiences on the lake and the old legends. Won't you be my guest for the rest of the day?"

The old lakeman accepted the invitation with eagerness, and its offer made his face beam with happiness.

After she had gone, and when they were dressing in regular garb, he turned to Fred, and said in a voice vibrant with gratitude:

"Freddie, you've been mighty good in stickin' by me. This is what I call a real red-letter day!"

Fred, looking into the other's shining eyes, was glad he had been able to have a part in making the day a happy one for his old friend.

Maple Tree Rabbits.

BY FRANCES L. WARNER.



ELEANOR was playing all alone in the garden. She had been having a hard time. She had made a doll with a green apple for a head and a hollyhock for a skirt and a nasturtium for a pointed cap, but the doll had fallen to pieces when she had tried to put in some rosebush thorns for eyes. Eleanor was tired of her paint-box and drawing-book, and, as she sat down under the maple tree, she felt very lonesome indeed.

All at once in the grass she saw two little green ears, sticking right up in the air. At first Eleanor almost jumped, for it looked like a fairy animal. But, when she looked more carefully, she saw that it was only one of the maple seeds from the tree overhead. She had heard her mother call them "maple keys," but probably her mother had never noticed how much the little green wings looked like ears, and how much the little round seed cases looked like eyes. Eleanor had a sudden idea. She would make a Peter Rabbit book of her own.



So she hunted around on the ground for the very nicest seeds, with the biggest eyes and the longest ears. She brought out her paint-box and some slips of paper, and then the fun began. Just the least bit of a hole in the paper was big enough to stick the stem through, and there was Peter Rabbit's head, ready for his body to be drawn and painted. Eleanor made all sorts of rabbits, doing ever so many things. One of them was sitting up in the grass looking very much astonished. Another was hopping along the road. Eleanor found one seed with very tiny ears, and she made this into a dear little mouse sitting under the shade of a big daisy.

Last of all Eleanor painted round black eyes for all her rabbits right in the middle of their green eyeballs. Each little rabbit could turn his head from side to side, when Eleanor pulled the end of the stem that stuck through the paper. Before she knew it her mother and little brother had reached home.



"Looking very much astonished."

Forget-me-nots.

BY PHILA BUTLER BOWMAN.

I HAVE to count the stars, you know,
For each is a forget-me-not,
So grandpa says,—and grandpa knows.
He says he never has forgot

Just how they grew along the flag
As blossoms grow in May-time grass.
I cannot understand it, quite,
I'm only such a little lass.

But every May-time when I come
With blue-eyed flowers in my hand,
I count them,—one for every star.
I do not need to understand

Just why it always makes him glad.
But once I saw him brush a tear
And heard him say, "Forget-me-nots!
God bless the flag, and you, my dear!"



"She made this into a dear little mouse."

When her mother saw the new Peter Rabbits, she sat down and made up some verses to go with the pictures.

A wee little rabbit lived up in a tree,
His eyes and his ears were green.

He hopped with the wind
In the top of the tree,
And the things that that little green rabbit could see
Were the queerest that ever were seen.

For he saw all the beetles and June bugs at play,
And he talked with a talkative bee.

Oh, he heard the leaves sing
On the branches so gray,
Till the wind blew the little green rabbit away
From the top of that wonderful tree!

It is not rare gifts that make men happy, it is the common and simple and universal gifts. It is health and the glance of sunshine in the morning; it is fresh air; it is the friend, the lover; it is the kindness that meets us on the journey; it may only be a word, a smile, a look. It is these and not any variety of blessings that are God's gentle art of making happy.

MORRISON.

THE BEACON.

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From the Editor to You.

MEMORIAL DAY brings again in this land the beautiful custom of strewing flowers for the soldier dead. It shows that we hold in memory the lives which were offered as a sacrifice for country and cause.

It was the women of the South who began the custom. Over the graves of Confederate soldiers dear to their hearts they placed flowers on a certain day in the year. The custom spread rapidly. May 30 was fixed as the date of Memorial Day in 1868, by an order to the Grand Army of the Republic by General Logan, then Commander-in-Chief.

The Grand Army ranks are thinning. Soon none of the Comrades will be here with us. Then you, the children and young people, must carry on the custom, and give the tribute of flowers in loving memory of heroism and service.

Sunday School News.

A LETTER from one of the boys in Class F describes the entertainment given by them to the parents and friends of the school.

On Friday evening, March 28, the Unitarian Lecture Club, a club composed of the boys in Class F of the Sunday school in Concord, N.H., gave a lecture on the Life of Moses.

Each boy was given in the regular work of the class the sort of teaching which enabled him to write a lecture at once interesting, instructive, and true.

The State Y. M. C. A. furnished a stereopticon, which, together with thirty-three colored slides rented for the occasion, added to the interest of the lecture. The girls in Class F gave three tableaux, illustrating Old Testament Narratives as their part of the entertainment.

JULIUS STURM,
Secretary.

Dear Miss Buck,—I wonder if the readers of *The Beacon* would like to know about the children of the Parker Memorial Kindergarten. It meets Sunday mornings during church-time, so we do not have many visitors; but we are working hard, and our numbers have increased from twenty-five to sixty. The children come from Italian, German, Polish, Russian, and American families. We salute the flag every Sunday, for all the children (though having foreign-born parents) are loyal to the Stars and Stripes; and when we sing "America," if the windows are open, the people on Tremont Street can hear us. We enjoy *The Beacon* so much, and many of its poems are recited each Sunday. Then we recite together and sing and hear Bible stories, and afterwards we go to the tables and make scrap-books for the children in the hospitals. At Easter we sent a large package of picture books to the Massachusetts Hospital School for Crippled Children at Canton. We have sent over two hundred books and Easter cards to the hospitals since November. We had a lovely Easter service, and each child carried home a plant to care for during the year.

VIRGINIA P. TUFTS,
Superintendent.

THE BEACON CLUB. A LEAGUE OF
BEACON READERS WHO ARE WILLING TO HELP.

[Letters for this department should be addressed to Editor of *The Beacon*, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.]

HOW to join the Beacon Club is told in another column in this issue. We hope that a good many of our readers will become members next year. To-day we enroll on our list four new members, who send us the following letters:

24 ALLERTON STREET, PLYMOUTH, MASS.,

April 6, 1913.

Dear Miss Buck,—I enjoy the stories and puzzle page of *The Beacon* so much that I am enclosing the answers to the puzzles in No. 27, and an Enigma which I hope will be good enough to publish.

I should like very much to know how to join the Beacon Club.

Sincerely yours,

EDITH LANMAN.

RAYMOND, MINN.,

April 8, 1913.

Dear Miss Buck,—We started a Unitarian Sunday school a year ago in our district school. We have it from April to October, as we have no shelter for teams in the winter. We have four classes, the kindergarten, primary, junior, and senior. The primary class recites outside during the nice weather, as we have no room inside. Our attendance grew from 25 to 60 pupils. We all read *The Beacon* and like it very much.

Yours sincerely,

HILDA MOLENAAR.

That is a beautiful way to learn lessons of God's love and care in the great good out-of-doors. No wonder this school grows. It finds out how to master conditions.

64 LAMBERT AVENUE, ROXBURY, MASS.,

April 11, 1913.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am a pupil of the Unitarian Sunday school. The church was the first ever built in Roxbury. John Eliot preached to the Indians on the grounds where our church stands. We have a chair that he sat in, in the church. Many noted men have been ministers here, among them Edward Everett Hale and Charles Dillaway. I go to the Dillaway School named after him. Our present minister is Dr. James De Normandie.

There are about thirty-five pupils in our Sunday school, and we get *The Beacon* every Sunday. I enjoy the stories and puzzles very much. I am making a book of all my *Beacons*, and I would like to join the Club if I may.

Yours sincerely,

EDITH S. APPEL.

You may indeed join our Club, Edith. It is good for us all to read about this fine old historic church in Roxbury, and to remember that its history belongs not only to the people who worship there, but to all our fellowship of churches. The last Unitarian church organized in Florida or Kansas may claim its heritage in our splendid history.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA LXV.

I am composed of 30 letters.

My 1, 5, 9, is a vegetable.

My 13, 22, 14, 26, is the opposite of bad.

My 1, 2, 7, 4, 18, 19, is something with which you write.

My 17, 6, 10, 20, 16, is the earth.

My 8, 11, 12, 29, 19, is a girl's name.

My 23, 3, 25, costs many lives.

My 27, 15, 28, 29, means a few.

My 30, 15, 24, 12, is a character in Genesis.

My 25, 24, 21, is a small animal.

My whole is a famous Bible quotation.

BEATRICE ESTABROOK.

ENIGMA LXVI.

I am composed of 13 letters.

My 4, 11, 5, 7, is obtained from sheep.

My 1, 5, 10, 3, 12, is a part of a building.

My 2, 3, 6, 8, is a number of animals driven together.

My 9, 1, 5, 12, 13, is a large wading-bird.

My whole is a popular monthly magazine.

R. SPRAGUE JEWETT.

ENIGMA LXVII.

I am composed of 13 letters.

My 10, 12, 13, is a young bear.

My 3, 5, 8, is a girl's name.

My 13, 7, 4, is the opposite of good.

My 6, 5, 8, 9, is a part of the body.

My 1, 2, 8, 7, is a girl's name.

My 2, 11, 1, is a part of a house.

My whole is the name of a well-known club.

HELEN M. RICH.

FLOWER GARDEN.

YLLOLH

LIXSP

ALRBES

CVEERO

OIVNKN

LETAPI

By starting at a certain letter and then following from letter to letter, any direction, using no one letter twice, find the names of seven flowers.

The Visitor.

ANAGRAMS.

FAMOUS COMMANDERS.

1. A-gnarl.
2. Draw on.
3. Nor am I.
4. Ola, try.
5. Risen bud.
6. Rue bad rage.
7. Scores ran.
8. Had reins.
9. Rash men.

Youth's Companion.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 32.

ENIGMA LX.—George Washington.

ENIGMA LXI.—The Beacon Club.

ENIGMA LXII.—Mount Popocatepetl.

A JUMBLED STANZA.—

Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

The Beacon Club.

What is the Beacon Club?

A league of Beacon readers who wish to be helpers.

Who are now members?

Every one who has sent a puzzle or written a letter for the Club Corner in *The Beacon* Vol. III.

Who may become members?

Any readers of *The Beacon*.

How to become members.

Write a letter to Editor of *The Beacon*, telling of some way of being helpful which you have tried, something that your church, your school, your class or club is doing; or send puzzles for the Recreation Corner.

What is the fee?

There is no fee. You become a member by doing something, not by paying something.